The Critic

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The Critic's Lists of Authors.

In looking through the correspondence elicited by the circulation of our experimental lists of authors, we have discovered certain letters which may interest some, if not all, of our readers. One or two are here printed in full, as were those of Mr. Stedman, Dr. Harris and Mr. Crawford last week; from others, only extracts are given. Such is the case with the letter of a well-known scholar who fills a chair in one of the older universities. 'I have given an chair in one of the older universities. I have given an hour,' he says, 'to thinking out and substituting authors whom I should prefer; but since some one else has forgotten Charlotte Brontë, * Molière, * Lessing * and Heine, * I have no doubt forgotten others. I strike out authors of no literary value, as Confucius and Mohammed, peremptorily. But I do not think these lists very useful and would not abide by mine. As for the American authors, it would amaze me if any one who has only eighty years to live should neglect fifty other foreign writers that might be sub-stituted for fifty in the native list. I am no judge, however, of the merits of . . . and others.'

The following note is dated 'Boston':- 'I return your sheet with a few changes, which, you will see, are more in the way of additions than of omissions. The form does not seem to me altogether favorable to discrimination. For example, "The Decameron" in Italian has some gross indecencies, and ought to be doctored for modern reading. Rousseau's "Confessions" is in parts most objectionable on the same count. I would substitute for it his great work on education, and his famous novel. The names I have added are very important, though I am unwilling to put below them those already on the list. Fuller, Heine,* Jean Paul and Manzoni * all belong to classic literature, and in importance outrank such names as Newman and Omar Khayyám. Miss Alcott should certainly stand on the American list. So should Henry James, Sr., and Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. Draper's work on Civilization [" History of the Intellectual Development of Europe''] is very important. Charles de Kay's "Esther" and "Nimrod" deserve recognition; Alger also. To make room for these, we might dispense with several; but, as I don't desire to have their illwill, I shall not mention them.

Here is a brief epistle from the West:—' Probably you have sent the "tentative lists" to no one that labors under so much embarrassment as I do. I will frankly tell you why: In going over the first hundred names, I find that I have read only about sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. of the authors designated; and of such as I have read, the sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. would very fairly characterize the extent of my conversance with the same! Who am I that I should send any of the thirty-three and one-third per cent. to limbo, because I haven't the honor of their acquaintance? Still, I may say that I was somewhat surprised to find Cowper* and Macaulay* missing. The second list gives me greater pause than the first, and makes me feel

ashamed that I am no better acquainted with my contemporaries. I have therefore taken the liberty to strike out but one name, but if you admitted 100 plus (and I do not see how you can stop at 100), there are several names which it seems to me we can't afford to omit. And these I have written in the margin.' [The name stricken out is the writer's own.]

A distinguished college-president writes :- 'I like to do anything which THE CRITIC asks of me, for I read its pages every week with a constant sense of obligation to the editors; but really I cannot think that the time I should spend in carefully revising your lists would be well spent, and certainly a hasty revision would be of no value. truth is, I doubt the value of such lists. Moods, leisure, early training, needs vary so much, that what seems good to one person is bad to another, and what is good to-day is less good to-morrow. Besides, I think the uneducated are led by these lists to undertake impossibilities. I wish somebody would compute the number of pages in your first list of 100, and see how many hours would be required for their perusal. Do you suppose there is a single man, outside of an insane asylum, who has read all the works named? Pray excuse my frankness—and believe that it is prompted only by the utmost good will."

A gentleman who is both scientist and man-of-letters ex-presses his views on the subject of list-making with much clearness: - 'You have asked of me an impossible task, because I do not believe in the thing. I do not believe any such list can be made out which would have the slightest value save as denoting the character or taste of the man who made it. Such lists are curious and entertaining, and I am glad to see them made, for they amuse me. But men of science are really the ones to make them out. They usually know comparatively little about literature, and accordingly possess all that delightful confidence in their own taste and judgment which springs from a highly developed condition of ignorance, or that enthusiasm which comes over a man in the case of some great author whose acquaintance he has lately made—acquaintance with his works, I mean. books that are good for one man's culture are not good for another's; the books that are worth everything to a man at one period of his life are comparatively worthless to himnot necessarily worthless in themselves-at another period. It would take me a year to make out such a list as you pro-

pose, and then I should be ashamed of it.

Hear also what a New York journalist and littérateur has to say on the same interesting subject :- 'I am so pressed by work that it is impossible for me to arrange a vote on your lists. That would require time and consideration and I haven't the time for the consideration. I have put checks after a few names which I should certainly omit, not because of their unworthiness, but because I think others are more important or because—as in the case of Grant—the works have nothing to do with literary culture, however valuable they may be in other ways. I should certainly add to your first list Hume's History and Essays, Freeman, About's "Story of an Honest Man," Amiel's Journal, Fielding,* Smollett,* Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" and "Sentimental Journey, Middleton, Marlowe, Jonson, Campbell and a number of others. To your second list-from which, if it is meant to represent the best American writers or even American writers whom one really ought to read, I should strike out more than half the names. I should add Paulding, Kennedy, Sylvester Judd, J. B. McMaster and at least a dozen others of more importance than Finally I should transfer Longfellow,* Poe and Bret Harte to the first list, into which I should also put Paulding if others that I find there are to be supposed as belonging in that list. The trouble is that no two people ever can, or ever ought to, agree on any such list. After naming half a dozen writers or less, on whom we should all agree, it is really a matter of personal choice, and I could make out a dozen different schedules,

^{*} This name appears in the list published July 17th.-EDS. CRITIC.

following any one of which an alert mind would acquire a broad literary culture.

Writes an eminent Orientalist:- 'I shouldn't add Rig-Veda until there is an English version, and a good one, made for a sensible selection of its hymns; and neither exists yet. To read its whole text is altogether to be advised against, except in the case of a special scholar.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Your 'list' came duly, and I have made marks and countermarks upon it; but they are much mixed, and I dare say blind, and need more reasons set against them than your small margin will permit; so I must needs write an explanatory letter.

And first, I should be strongly inclined to shorten your classical roll-call, in view of such 'broad culture' as would be most helpful in our generation. Of course it is very hard to say what, or whom, to scratch—those heathen gentlemen have all of them so strong prescriptive headway. But surely it were better to know familiarly a few representative men among them, than to have mere bookish acquaintance with a crowd. Such as Plato and Aristotle would have to come in, I suppose, for dignity's sake—though we only gaze at them from afar; and Homer, by divine right—even if he did not put a rhythmic music, which never sates or tires, into his tales of war and love and sacrifice and tumbling seas. Tacitus, too, will hold his own, for his wise laconisms, and his crackling bull's-eye shots at truth in men and story. Herodotus also, for those engaging simplicities and adroit particularities which make him a model for all who have facts or fable to narrate; but couldn't we spare Xenophon? and wouldn't Grote help us to what we most want in Thucydides, and Niebuhr help us to the best of Livy? And would not a specimen comedy of Aristophanes suffice? and couldn't Cæsar be dropped—seeing that his work (which we know other-how) was so much larger than his works'?

Horace should stay doubtless, by reason of his lyric charms and comely heathenisms; Cicero too—though more doubtfully-in virtue of his sonorous periods and decorous philosophic strut; even the younger Pliny-if you like-for his easy, gentlemanly elegance of speech and parts (though he was certainly not of big calibre); a few others also, about whom there could be no dispute; but at longest, I would close the list sooner than you have done.

This estoppel would give room for some later names that I miss. Thus, in the French group—why not Rabelais? Why not Molière?* Surely we cannot drop 'Le Tartufe' out of Gallic letters, without leaving a big hiatus. Among later ones, could we not have a taste of Béranger—possibly, too, of De Musset? And on the score of romance, there is 'Corinne;' while, for my own part, I should be disposed to include 'Monte Christo,' even at the expense of Hugo's Travailleurs.

In German—of which my large ignorance makes me timid of talk-I would have counted it safe to include Lessing, if not Niebuhr; and I would have made place for Fouqué, by reason of the charming 'Undine,' though it were necessary to upset 'Wilhelm Meister' for the purpose.

In Italian, I should have reckoned on Petrarch, as having

more scholarly pith in him than Tasso; and I should have inclined to give mention to Manzoni's 'Promessi Sposi.'*

Again, I note that your use of 'select' poems, or works, leaves choice still a-begging; while I doubt the wisdom of so free commendation of 'complete' works—poems or novels, as the case may be. Surely it were better to read 'Old Mortality' five times over than to read 'Count Palent Old Mortality' five times over than to read' Count Robert of Paris' once. Who can rank some of Dickens's later novels with 'Pickwick' and 'Copperfield?' or who can read 'The Adventures of Philip' or even 'The Virginians,' when brimful of 'Esmond,' or 'Vanity Fair?' A little

sagacious exclusion from the 'complete' listings you commend would—it seems to me—give room for wise choice of such single books (in French) as 'Atala,' or 'René,' or the best of De Staël; and, in English lines, for a taste of Sterne, or of Mme. d'Arblay, or Miss Austen, or for the 'Rienzi' or 'Caxtons' of Bulwer; for Reade's 'Peg Woffington' or 'Cloister and Hearth;' for Charlotte Brontë's 'Jane Eyre;' for Kingsley's 'Westward Ho!' or for Dr. Brown's 'Rab and his Friends.'

As for your long American list, it appears to me that in making it you have been treading on slippery ground, and I cannot help regarding your rendition of it as only a pleasing offertory service. I see names in it (and I say this with twinges of shame) which I do not know; and I wipe my leading to the first treatment of the property of the state of the glasses in vain to find other names which are lacking. Fifty years would—I should say—make grievous excoriations of your list.

But what matters it? Let your pleasant offertory proceed. I, certainly, will not put a meddlesome hand upon When we have once decided upon the chief dishesnutritive of the feast, we may leave safely to any fairish butler the choice of the condiments and the spices, and the quick-growing and quick-wilted salads and radishes.

EDGEWOOD, 10 June, 1886. DONALD G. MITCHELL.

Reviews

California.-Hittell and Royce.*

IT MUST be admitted that California has been singularly and rather unaccountably favored by the Muse of History. There is hardly another State in the Union whose annals have presented so little that is worthly of record; and there is perhaps no other which has been so much written about in recent times, and that by authors of no ordinary ability. The history of the Province and State, from the first Spanish settlement, covers little more than a century. Its early period was totally devoid of the romantic and exciting incidents which make the early history of the Eastern colonies attractive. There were no great religious or political movements, like those which were concerned in the settlements of the New England States, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland; no eventful Indian wars, such as have been waged in almost every other State, from the Canadian border to the Mexican Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In California we have nothing but a record of Roman Catholic missions, established with little effort or hazard among scattered tribes of weak and simple natives, seemingly almost as spiritless and as incapable of united effort as so many flocks of sheep; a succession of commonplace Spanish-Mexican governors, keeping up a pretence of rule over these missions and the few thousands of Mexican adventurers, discharged soldiers, and released convicts, who gradually found their way into the country, and there led an indolent and jovial existence; and then a series of petty disturbances which ended in the transfer of the country to the United States. After the transfer came the discovery of gold, the rush of emigration across the plains, the establishment of a State Government, and the popular movements which suppressed the gamblers and desperadoes in San Francisco and other places. In this curt outline we have the complete epitome of Californian history. Even the Civil War, which convulsed the other States, made hardly a ripple on that secluded surface. No name of any special note—except for brief periods Fremont and Sherman—has been connected with this history; and no event of any signal importance or interest has relieved its general monotony. citizens need not feel aggrieved at this statement of a fact which has nothing to do with any merit or demerit of their State or themselves. If heroic deeds had been required,

^{*} This name appears in the list published July 17th .- EDS. CRITIC.

^{* 1.} History of California. By Theodore H. Hittell. 2 vols. \$10. San Francisco: Occidental Publishing Co. 2. California, from the Conquest in 1846 to the Second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco. By John Royce, Assistant Professor of History in Harvard College. \$1.25. (American Commonwealths.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

we need not doubt that there were the men to do them. Their fortune-whether good or evil need not now be asked

relieved them from any such requirement.

Yet the fascination which California, ever since the gold discoveries, has exercised upon the minds of men, is shown by the fact that several writers equal to any but those of the very highest rank have devoted themselves to the record of these trivial occurrences, and have done it in a style which has half persuaded their readers that the matters recorded are really of momentous import. The qualities of Mr. H. H. Bancroft's work have already been discussed in these columns. Mr. Hittell's two volumns (1) are of a somewhat different character. Mr. Bancroft is a painstaking annalist, giving us a series of events and a store of facts, arranged in chronological order, and set forth in a plain, but clear and readable, style. Mr. Hittell aspires to the rank of an historian, and may fairly claim to have attained it. He begins at the beginning, with the discovery of the Californian peninsula by the expeditions sent forth and in part commanded by Cortez, and closes with the admission of the State of California into the Union in 1850. He has evidently spared no pains in the examination of authorities for the historical portion of his work, and has been able to weave together the particulars derived from many sources into a narrative of much interest, couched in a clear and graceful style, which reminds one of Prescott. The early voyages and explorations, the establishment of the missions, and the acts of the Spanish governors, are recounted fully and minutely, but with an animation and point which save the narrative from prosiness. There are good descriptions of the country and of the different classes of settlers. There are several chapters relating to the Indians, but these must be deemed the weakest part of the work. Most of the authorities cited are thirty years old, and the author does not seem to be aware of the recent researches relating to this subject. The important work of Mr. Stephen Powers on the Tribes of California, published by the Bureau of Ethnology in 1877-a quarto volume of over 600 pages, full of exact and interesting information,-seems to have escaped his attention. Of the publications of Gilmary Shea, Pimental and Charencey on the same subject, he apparently knows nothing. The whole of this portion of his work will need revision. His account of the movements which preceded the occupation of the country by the American forces -a subject about which much more has been written than its importance deserved, -is fair and impartial, and as clear as the story of such a confused jumble of transactions could be made.

Mr. Royce has taken up the same subject (2) with extraordinary eagerness, and has enveloped it in a cloud of words, which leave no very distinct impression, except that he regards the proceedings of Gen. Fremont in California as second only in importance to the Civil War. He devotes nearly a hundred pages, or the fifth part of his book, to a discussion of the reasons which induced the General to pursue the peculiar and rather erratic course which he chose to take in the movements referred to. This is a question of mere curiosity, which does not properly concern the history of California. What the General actually did is, of course, the only really important matter. His reasons for doing it belong to his biography. All the results of the inquiry which the author has prosecuted with such indefatigable pertinacity might have been compressed with advantage into half-a-dozen pages. There is much else in Prof Royce's book which shows a similar lack of the historical sense of proportion in his view of the importance of the various matters of which he treats. But this defect is doubtless due to the impression made on his mind by these matters in early life; for, as he tells us, he was born in California, and his youth was spent in his native State. To this circumstance we owe, also, the merits of his book, which are by no means The vivid descriptions, the lively narrative, and the keen and pithy reflections, make his work attractive, and

one which may be read with genuine pleasure. The greater part of it deals with events subsequent to the year 1850, when Mr. Hittell's history closes; and it thus forms a convenient sequel to that history. The gold discoveries, the overland emigration, and the 'struggle for order'—including the acts of the vigilance committees,—are treated with all necessary fulness. The author's parents were among the earliest emigrants by the overland route; and he owes to his mother's reminiscences some of the best passages of his book. The reader who is sufficiently interested in California to be willing to peruse two thousand solid pages of narrative and description relating to the subject cannot do better than to provide himself with the three volumes under review. If he is still not satisfied, he can have recourse to Bancroft, who will not disappoint him. By the time he has finished all the volumes, the history of California will probably loom before his mental vision somewhat larger than the history of the Roman Empire. Alvarado and Vallejo will outvie Brutus and Cassius in his estimation; and Gen. Fremont will come in as a good second to Julius Cæsar. If a suspicion should intrude into his thoughts that the proper historian for most of the events recorded would have been the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker, his exalted state of mind will lead him to put aside the notion with a sense of desecration.

Tolstoi's "War and Peace." *

IN 'WAR AND PEACE,' Count Tolston has spread for us another of those vast historical canvases which remind us of the multitudinous pink-and-gold canvases of Paul Veronese, with all their Babel of color and their Babylon of population. A circle as big as a dollar-disk is enough for Meissonier or for Björnstjerne Björnson: each microscopic detail is wrought in with exquisite delicacy and minuteness: each line within the illuminated periphery is as fine as a hair and as effective as a beauty-spot. But with Tolstoï or Thackeray it is different: they demand great moonlike surfaces on which they play the wonderful fountains of their imagery and experience; circumferences with multiplying radii converging on a central incident; canvases crowded with figures, instinct with life and motion; whole populations and cities—Londons, Moscows, St. Petersburgs—turned loose in their novels: all alive, all ebullient. The Meissonier-like effect-the exquisite fineness of portraiture is lost: the Chinese whorl-within-whorl, as of some small but flaming Ezekiel-wheel, spreads out into great watery circles with hazy horizons, indistinctness, and a sense of the edges of things rubbed off.

So in 'War and Peace,' an historical novel of the times of Napoleon the Great, with its axis of revolution in the years 1805 to 1807. As usual with Tolstoi, the characters dwell on Olmypian heights, like the gods in Schiller's Tantalus-ballad: they are all princes and princesses, counts and countesses, barons and baronesses. For Tolstoi, apparently, plain Misters and Mistresses do not exist: all these appear as Monsieurs and Madames and Mam'selles. Whether this is a fault of the author, or is an imitative reflex from French-loving Russian society, or is due to the translators, we cannot say; but its effect is that of a very odd affectation, and it is not at all agreeable. The book introduces us to the salon life of the times, and depicts with many realistic touches the terrors and tragedies of the Napoleonic campaigns. Young officers and officials with diamond orders abound; princesses sit beside samovars and dish out inexhaustible tea; young people make love in corners; the plot flits from St. Petersburg to Moscow and from Moscow to the battle-fields; there is a whirl of conversation, a buzz of gossip, a plague of small creatures nibbling at the plot and jerking this or that marionnette: be-

^{*} War and Peace: An Historical Novel. By Léon Tolstol. Tr. from the French by Clara Bell. Part II. 2 vols. \$1.75. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. Paper, 50 cts. New York: Harper's Franklin Square Library.

hind all mighty RUSSIA looming, full of vast cries, of unseen and unheard tragedies, of barbarism and serfdom, of inarticulate and as yet unuttered life, of intellectual potencies and physical suffering. One forgets all the shabby princes and princesses in this overmastering impression: a something in the author greater than he has expressed: a something in the people that transcends any calculus of possibilities yet applied to it.

"Cut: A Story of West Point," *

WHEN an author has written so excellent a story as 'White Feathers,' and so poor a one as 'A Model Wife,' his third attempt will be looked for with interest. 'Cut: A Story of West Point' must have some foundation in fact, or possibility, we suppose; though the revelation of such a state of things there before the War implies a singular lack of the subordination to superiors which is the first essential in military life. The Colonel in command is, indeed, introduced once with some effect; but as a rule the Cadets, according to the story, were, to all intents and purposes, 'running' West Point. It will certainly be a reveposes, 'running' West Point. It will contain, lation to many readers that two members of a class could, lation to many readers that two members of a class could, selves, in the most ignominious manner possible and with instructions never to return, without even an exclamation of surprise from the authorities. When one of them returns and demands an investigation, his 'audacity' in demanding, and that of the commanding Colonel in allowing, an investigation, are considered by the Cadets an insult to their precious selves unparalleled in the history of West Point. The boyish stupidity of the whole affair is ridiculous. All of us remember strange scenes at West Point among the Cadets; but it is hard to believe that such events as these could have happened; and, as fiction, the story is certainly very poor. It is well enough to illustrate the boyish absurdity of the self-important, consequential airs of classfeeling, and to show the bitter suffering of one unjustly the victim of it; but to suppose such an affair as this to be carried out successfully for a year or two by a whole class, on such slight reason, seems an insult to the commonsense of the young men who frequent West Point. The plot increases in interest as it develops, and the youthful idiots of the story who had been 'running' West Point take to 'run-ning' the country during the War, and developing some latent commonsense as they grow older; but, as a whole, the story is remarkably thin. That a class so extremely sensitive on the subject of honor should not have found out the cad who was the real offender till he confessed many years afterward, is hardly to be ascribed even to the pig-headedness of the most self-complacent youth.

An Old Magician. +

A CAREFULLY written life of Apollonius of Tyana, with a just regard to historic perspective, would be a valuable addition to English historic works. But when an author sets out with the deliberate purpose of showing that Apollonius was as great a man, and as much a wonder-worker, as Jesus, we at once lose confidence in him. As a mere wonder-worker he may have been as great as Jesus, but in no other way are the two to be compared with each other. A true sense of historic proportion is wanting in the work before us; which is also wanting in the historic insight that enables one not to confound small things with great ones. Throughout his work Mr. Tredwell betrays this want of insight and sense of proportion, and his work is greatly lessened in value thereby. He has brought together a great mass of matter from the ancient writers about Apollonius; but he has not assimilated it and brought it forth in an organic form. When the reader is done with the book he

organic form. When the reader is done with the book he

** Cut: A Story of West Point. By G. I. Cervus. \$1. Philadelphia: J. B. Lip-

pincott Co.

† A Sketch of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana; or, The First Ten Decades of Our

feels that he would like to know how far these accounts are trustworthy. The author does not impress him as being judicious and competent, and a reliable guide through the legends about Apollonius. He feels that Apollonius was a wonderful figure in the ancient world; but he is anxious to inquire of some competent person as to his historic status. Mr. Tredwell ought to have done something to satisfy this demand on the part of intelligent readers. He has, in fact, thrown such an atmosphere of doubt over the whole subject, as to make the reader question whether the book is to be depended upon in any particular. To such a result as this an author reduces himself who takes up a vicious method and follows it blindly. If Mr. Tredwell had given us a trustworthy account of Apollonius as a reviver of paganism and as a philosopher claiming to work miracles, and done so with a clear historic insight into the significance of his influence, he would have given us a work of great value; but in trying to overthrow Jesus with the aid of Apollonius, he has cast doubt on his own good sense and on his historic judgment. The literary merit of the work is in keeping with this historic blunder. It is a tangle of all sorts of things said about Apollonius, without orderly arrangement and without a sense of literary fitness.

Recent Fiction.

JAMES PAYN, whose long paragraphs have the great merit of being more entertaining than other people's short ones, gives us, in 'The Heir of the Ages' (Franklin Square Library), another of the delightful stories which may not live forever as literature, but which are as welcome as the flowers that bloom in the spring when they first appear. Besides its humor and epigrammatic charm, the story has the merit of a dramatic and novel dénouement, which, instead of endless happiness after a long series of catastrophes, winds up with a catastrophe after the happiness.-Own Doing, by W. E. Norris (Harper's Handy Series), is a sprightly account of the strategic adventures of an extremely clever swindler, and seems rather to deserve the title of 'His Doings' than of hers. 'She' plays but a small part in the proceedings, though of course the hero and the villain have to revolve about a lady of great charms and still greater property.——'PLUCK,' by J. S. Winter (Harper's Handy Series), is the story of a woman's pluck, in one of the society situations where pluck consists of silence hard to bear. The one great incident in the plot is silence hard to bear. The one great incident in the plot is rather strained and highly improbable, as very few young ladies have two lovers with precisely the same initials, and no lover would be likely to send his offer of marriage and first letter to a lady signed only with his initials; but the story of it all will serve for an hour's light amusement, if the reader is easily satisfied.

'Effie Ogilvie' (Macmillan) is one of Mrs. Oliphant's ever charming stories, in which, as usual, even hackneyed plot and time-honored situations are turned to favor and to prettiness. There is novelty in the turn given to the crisis, keen insight in the study of a proud young girl's heart, and ingenuity in the way things are brought out right, without the railway accident or typhoid fever, by which most novelists rid themselves of one hero too many.— 'The Strangest Story Ever Told,' by Norman Duval (Woodruff, Cox & Co.), is also the most foolish, and calls for no further comment.— 'Rolf House' is one of Mrs. Lillie's excellent stories, republished by the Harpers from their Young People. The illustrations are unusually good. Mrs. Lillie writes so well of simple and natural incidents and genuine girls and boys, that it is a pity she ever permits the entrance of any such dramatic and unreal element as the discovery of the lost will in 'Rolf House.' In all her stories there is some one feature such as this—old-fashioned, theatrical and in poor taste, with which it is a pity she should disfigure her otherwise pleasing tales. But the rest is good

enough for the one unnatural element to be overlooked. IT is something gained that the author of 'The House on the Marsh' has turned her sensationalism away from dismal marshes and dreadful houses and midnight horrors, to at least daylight and city streets and average human beings. Beyond this change for the better, however, there is little on which to congratulate her in her new story, 'Doris's Fortune' (Appleton). The goody-goodyness of the highly virtuous climax, in which the hero becomes virtuous because he can't succeed in carrying out his would-be wickedness, does not mark a very high standard of honor or nobility.

Minor Notices.

WHEN Mr. Rolfe published his 'Select Poems of Tennyson,' two years ago, he hinted at a future volume in which should be included certain favorite pieces whose omission from the earlier book was likely to be wondered at. That volume—'The Young People's Tennyson'—has now made its appearance in the Students' Series of Standard Poetry. (Ticknor). We have so often spoken of the merits of this series, that nothing remains to be said of this addition to it, save that the editor in his admirable notes has purposely refrained from 'æsthetic' criticism, leaving the young reader to cultivate his mind and taste by discovering, unaided, 'the real meaning and lesson of the poem, the secret of its music and beauty, and of its power to move and inspire us.' The text of the poems is the latest (that of 1884), any earlier readings being given, when discoverable, in the notes.—To the same series Mr. Rolfe has added 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' with illustrations selected from Tick-nor & Co.'s holiday edition of the poem. Unfortunately Lord Byron is not in a position, as Lord Tennyson is, to thank his editor for the good taste and good sense shown, not only in the notes, but in the text of the famous poem. This text is the result of a careful collation of the standard English editions of 'Childe Harold,' which were found to be comparatively free from corruptions and misprints. In only one case has the editor had any doubt as to the correct reading of a line. The punctuation has been skilfully revised.

'THE WEALTH OF HOUSEHOLDS,' by J. T. Danson (Macmillan), is the somewhat misleading title of a new treatise on political economy, by an English man of business, who naturally takes a practical and common-sense view of the whole matter. His work is characterized by simplicity, clearness, abundance of illustration and, in general, fairness of statement. His definitions are brief and pointed, though of course open to criticism. 'Commerce is the extension of the process of exchange.' 'Capital is wealth earned, but not consumed, which is applied, or ready to be applied, in aid of the production of more wealth. 'A promise to pay—and somebody who believes it: in these we have all the elements of credit.' 'Pauperism is the condition of those in whom the State recognizes a legal right to relief, out of the funds raised by public contribu-tion, or taxation.' Both the thing, and its name (he re-marks) may be said to be peculiarly English. Mr. George's theory of rent as the cause of poverty he compares to the notion prevalent some years ago that the forbidden fruit of Paradise was salt—sin, sorrow and salt being found everywhere and always. The same 'ingenious gentleman's' theory as to the continuous and indefeasible 'natural' right to land was, he tells us, advanced by Ogilvie, a benevolent Scotch enthusiast, one hundred years ago, but was dropped as worthless. Mr. Danson's book, though distinctively English, is interesting and suggestive, giving one a very clear idea of the various branches of the subject. The arrangement in short paragraphs renders reference convenient, but has little else to commend it.

London Letter.

ONE result of the election has been the expulsion from office of Mr. Gladstone; another, the failure of Mr. Lewis Morris to win, on the Parnellite 'ticket,' a place in the new Parliament. It was on a seat in Wild Wales that Mr. Morris cast the eye of young desire; and it will be a satisfaction to many that that seat would none of him, and that he has been dismissed to cultivate the Muse. The Bard in Gray's 'Elegy' went into politics with the most disastrous personal results; he lost his seat upon a craggy eminence, and was dashed to pieces at the feet of the Usurper. Mr. Morris is less unlucky. Indeed, he may be regarded as fortunate; for no poet except Praed ever found inspiration in Parliament. It must be admitted (in this connection) that it was not thoughtful of Mr. Gladstone to omit Mr. Morris from the tale of those to whom he has been expressing his genius in letters and telegrams of condolence or compliment. A few words, of late, about 'dear old Wales,' 'Celtic inspiration,' 'Poor Mary Anne,' the 'Epic of Hades,' the 'civilized world is with us,' or anything of that sort—would have cost him nothing, we would think; and they might hike the public applies of Mr. Bright had they might-like the public applause of Mr. Bright-have sold the poet a new edition of his works.

This is the time of year when the literary journals are in the habit of telling us where the literary men have gone to. The Athenaum says that a number of them have gone for the Secretaryship of University College, London. The duties Secretaryship of University College, London. of the office have been said to resemble what is required of an usher at a day-school combined with the avocations (or amusements) of a beadle out of uniform. It is not at all like the case of the soldier in 'Pickwick,' who, as we all remember, had 'little to do and plenty to get.' There is plenty to do, and 700% a year to get; but the elected one will have little time left for novel-writing or Buddh-ist inscriptions—in fact, will have to be a good deal more secretary and less literary than is desirable. Meanwhile it is certain that The Athenaum was wrong in entering two of its literary candidates for the post; for Mr. Lang and Mr. Besant, as far as I can hear, were never on the list at all. Perhaps it is wrong about all of them. The publication of

baseless gossip is fast becoming a nuisance.

Mr. Whistler, who is nothing if not ingenious, has devised—or a friend of his has devised for him—a pleasant method of making himself conspicuous. During the past few weeks a number of letters pro and con-these in abuse of the new President of the Society of British Artists (Mr. Whistler himself), those in his praise-have been appearing in The Court and Society Review. The anti-Whistler part of the correspondence shows signs of manufacture; and so, for that matter, does the other. Indeed, it is whispered that the whole business is 'a put-up job,' with nothing veracious about it save some remarks about Mr. Whistler and his art reported literally from that great creature's own lips. This is hinted at in an excellent article in a recent Saturday Review; and it has in it so much of the Malvolio-Macaire (a pleasant nickname for the young and blushing President) that it may very well be true. If it be, 'tis pity. It partakes of the nature of the White Lock, but it isn't nearly so ingenious and enchanting. In fact, it is not all enchanting, while there can be no doubt that it is both vulgar and silly in no mean degree. It is good enough for Malvolio-Macaire, but it is not nearly good enough for the painter of the 'Lady Archibald Campbell' and the 'Carlyle.' Mr. Whistler is far too excellent an artist to stand in need of any boniment; and when he takes to doing his boniment for himself, the effect upon the bystanders is unpleasant and discouraging. I can only hope that the report is untrue, and pass on.

Mr. Wilson Barrett-who is not, I am reminded, the first of collaborator managers: that honor belonging unquestionably to the lamented Vincent Crummles, to Crummles of the Pump and Tubs-announces his last performance for Saturday next, so that he will soon be with you, to be seen and judged in his own person. I cannot bring myself to believe that his campaign will be a success. He is best in domestic melodrama—as 'The Silver King' and 'Hoodman Blind;' and I understand that he purposes to appear in tragedy and romance alone. In these I do not think he shines. His Hamlet is careful, heavy, eminently bourgeois—a Camberwell Hamlet. His Claudian is a good deal better, and presents a really picturesque and striking appearance. I confess, however, that it bored me dreadfully, and that I was never happier in any theatre than when, after a last dying speech that seemed as long as a Times leader, the ex-Profligate expired, and the curtain fell, and to the long-drawn tedium there came an end. Mr. Barrett, indeed-for all his beautiful white arms and comely figure—is essentially modern and middle-class. His voice is monotonous; it has no vibrancy, no plangent and ringing notes in it, but at its loudest is soft and veiled; in blank verse its effect is prosy enough. His inspiration and temperament are of the same equable quality; he invents but tamely, and renders his inventions as they deserve. They include, it is true, a Hamlet who is the reverse of intellectual, and not by any means a gentleman; so that, perhaps, one is wrong to be hard on them. That, however, is how it strikes a contemporary who is also a countryman; and I should not be at all surprised if that is how it strike the playgoing American, who, if he expect of his visitor anything of the grace, the passion, the romance of Fechter, or even the 'picturesque neuralgics' of Henry Irving, is like to be severely disappointed. With respect to this last, I note that a recent critic has discovered that his laugh (at the end of the second act of 'Faust') is worthy of an echo from the vaults of hell.' It is a valiant statement; but I should like to know Mrs. Todgers's idea of Hades. Would not you?

There is little or nothing new to tell. You will have heard, for instance, that Mr. Lowell will not be able to lecture for the Authors' Society on International Copyright, but that Mr. Gosse will discourse for them on the profession of literature, while Mr. Comyns Carr, who has developed of late into a sort of incarnation of the theatre, will do the same on the drama. Again, it is no news that Mr. George Moore's 'A Drama in Muslin' is the dullest novel of the year. I hear that Mr. Symonds's 'Ben Jonson' for Mr. Lang's series of English Worthies is excellent in every way; but that was to be expected. It is an open secret that Mr. R. L. Stevenson is preparing for the press a selection from the papers of his late friend, Fleeming Jenkin, to which he purposes to contribute a biographical introduction; so that the informa-tion can hardly be novel, whatever else it may be. Secondly and to conclude, however, the market value of Sir Richard Burton's translation of 'The Thousand and One Nights' is now 241.; but I hear that when the last volume is published, and with it a certain essay on a certain subject, it will run up to 401. at least. Which should be a golden word for speculative subscribers.

LONDON, July 17th, 1886.

Mr. Hawthorne's Review of "Aliette."

To the Editors of The Critic:

I notice that the translator of Feuillet's 'La Morte' objects to my manner of reviewing his translation. He says that I, 'starting out with the apparent purpose of writing a review of the original work, place the French title at the head of the notice, and only incidentally refer to the fact that the book has been translated.' Now, as a matter of fact, my review began as follows:—'Octave Feuillet's "La Morte.'' This book has been translated by Mr. J. H. Hager under the title of "Aliette" (the name of one of the heroines) and is published by the Appletons. It is a good translation, but M. Feuillet's style has a charm of its own which is inseparable from the French language.' If this be merely an incidental reference to the fact that the book was

translated, at any rate it is difficult to see how any conscientious reviewer could feel justified in saying more. His business is with the book itself. But Mr. Hager proceeds to remark that 'more than a third of Mr. Hawthorne's synopsis' of the plot 'is a literal quotation from the English version,' for which no credit is given to Mr. Hager by inverted commas, etc. Now, I make no synopsis of the plot: I never do so uncivil a thing; but, in this instance, I endeavor to give such a taste of the quality and aim of the book as may stimulate the reader to go to the book itself. And for this purpose I select a certain conversation between Sabine and M. Tallevant, and give an abstract of it. It is an abstract in the closest sense of the word, not even the dialogue form being retained, and the whole being comprised in not more than forty lines. The language of the English translation is used as much as possible—how indeed could it be otherwise?—but it would manifestly be impossible to distinguish such condensed and paraphrased fragments with inverted commas. Whatever further 'credit' the translator can demand, was given once for all in the first sentence of the review, quoted above. I fail, therefore, to see any grounds for his complaint. Had he been the author instead of the translator of the book, and had I been finding fault with it instead of praising it, then it would have been incumbent upon me accurately to give line and verse to justify my displeasure: and so, of course, I should have done. I may add that I have only noticed Mr. Hager because I wish my position to be understood, not in this case only, but in all similar ones.

| ULLIAN HAWTHORNE. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

SAG HARBOR, July 27th, 1886.

Prof. Boyesen's Hasty Protest.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I should be pleased to learn what your reviewer means when he states that in my 'Story of Norway' I have devoted thirty-four pages to ancient and mediæval Norway and two pages to modern times. If he will do me the honor to examine my book, he will find that I have devoted 515 pages (illustrations included) to the ancient and mediæval history, and 22 pages to the modern. If in the latter case he deducts the space occupied by the illustrations, at least 17 pages will be found to remain. If he will do me the further favor of reading the chapter which he finds so defective as to proportion, he will find that the most recent events are treated with as much fulness as the plan of the work permits, four pages being given to an account of the constitutional struggle (1879–1884).

HJALMAR H. BOYESEN.

NANTUCKET, MASS., July 21st, 1886.

[Prof. Boyesen, in his haste to find fault with The CRITIC's notice of 'The Story of Norway,' overlooks the fact that the reviewer is speaking of chapters and not pages, when he says 'there is a lack of proportion' in the book. The passage reads as follows: 'There is a lack of proportion in the number of chapters devoted to ancient and mediæval Norway (thirty-four) and to modern Norway (two). As to what 'proportion' means, we must leave this question for the artists and Professor Boyesen to decide.—The Reviewer.]

To Austin Dobson.

The clever 'Lyrics in a Library,' just now appearing in Punch, are not by Mr. Andrew Lang, whose name was recently appended to one of them when it was reprinted in the Sun. Probably they are from the pen of Mr. Ashby-Sterry. Here is the latest—addressed to Austin Dobson, apropos of his volume 'At the Sign of the Lyre:'

It some great critic's keenest wit Could animate my line, I'd call a toast unto the host Where hangs the Lyre for sign. Poor bardlets who despairing view Parnassian heights divine, Like some of us look envious, Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

We read the lay of *Phyllida*, Whose stanzas aye enshrine, With nicest art, a tender heart; Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

The hair of Rose, and Dora's nose, In one wild sketch combine; Our hearts are scarred just like the bard, Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

Though nought could stay Incognita, With smiles hid in her eyne, One had full fain been in that train, Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

A poet this in truth, I wis,
Of wit and fancy fine;
Horatian spells are his who dwells,
Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

Good wine needs ne'er a bush, they swear, Yet these poor leaves of mine, 'Mid laurels die that flout the sky, Where hangs the Lyre for sign.

The Lounger

WHEN will printers set up type correctly, or proof-readers read proofs with care? Last week I attempted to say that fifteen versts are the Russian equivalent of ten miles. And what did the types make me say instead? Nothing less ludicrous than that fifteen verses are the Russian equivalent of ten miles!—a reflection upon the prolixity of the national poet which is as undeserved as it was unintentional.

I was speaking to a railroad man recently of the technical use of common words in senses so narrow as to make them slang. For instance, an engine that has no train attached to it is, in the slang of the railroad, an 'empty' engine. A train that is 'running' is not simply a train in motion: it is a moving train that is also on duty. And my friend pulled a time-table from his pocket on which the following formal notice appeared in all the dignity of bold-faced type:—'Commencing Sunday the —, and every Sunday following, a WILD-CAT TRAIN, known as the Sunday Milk Train (which shall have exclusive right to wild-cat on day named between Hoboken and Hackettstown) will be run as follows!'

A FRIEND has shown me a letter written by a lady to accompany a volume of her poems sent lately to a newspaper for review. 'Knowing that it is always satisfactory and sometimes helpful—to learn the antecedents of those who enter the lists of Authorship,' she writes, 'I have enclosed a few of a great number of Opinions and press notices that have been given concerning my nine years' work for Temperance.'

One of the 'opinions' is that of the pastor of a church in the poet's native town. It reads: 'This is to certify that Mrs. delivered a temperance address of rare excellence before a large audience in the M. E. Church of this place on this Sabbath evening,' etc. Another 'opinion' certifies that she is 'a good speaker, a splendid singer, and should she come this way again, would draw a crowded house.' Crawfordsville, Iowa, puts itself on record as highly approving the poet's efforts in aid of the temperance cause:—'The most effectual shot fired during the campaign was by Mrs. ——, Friday night. To say she is truly an orator does not flatter her one bit.' Missouri Valley, in the same State—Iowa,—is of opinion that 'no community can enjoy such a lecture without feeling an uplifting pulsation for some time.' I haven't seen the volume which the letter and accompanying 'opinions' introduced, but having learned thus much of the antecedents of the gifted lady who enters the lists of Authorship with it, I am sure no one could possibly enjoy it without feeling an uplifting pulsation for some time.

I HAVE received a copy of Vol. I., No. I, of *The Idler*, of San Francisco and Oakland, which proves to be an amateur monthly edited by a San Franciscan and an Oaklander. Its leading article

is on Edmund Burke, and opens thus:—'In contemplating this great and estimable man, there are two gaping pitfalls that we must sedulously avoid, on the one hand by eschewing all prejudiced condemnation, and on the other by refraining from all indiscriminate exaltation—a no less difficult task. The former is all too little merited, while the latter is weaker than the just praise that can be bestowed upon him unprotested.' This is all very true. In appearance The Idler is a close reproduction of THE CRITIC—which is, of course, enough to prejudice any reader in its favor.

JOE JEFFERSON and his wife have returned from a salmon fishing trip in Canada to their home on Saddle Brook, Hohokus, N. J. It is said that when Mr. Jefferson went from Hohokus to his Southern home at New-Iberia, last fall, the villagers were sad, for it was understood that the old New Jersey home would see him no more. But he has returned to it 'with such renewed and overflowing love for the place and its associations, that he now declares he will never part with it.'

I AM GLAD to see that Mrs. Cleveland has put herself on record as being strongly opposed to the popular use of endearing diminutives, such as Sallie, Lizzie, Dollie, etc. In a letter of thanks to the parents of a little girl born at Newport, Ky., on the 19th inst., and promptly christened Frankie Cleveland Winter, the 'Lady of the White House' writes:—' May she be blessed through life as I have been; but will you do me the favor not to call her Frankie, but Frances, or Frank? I am never called Frankie, and I dislike the name very much.'

The Fine Arts

'SCULPTURE, Renaissance and Modern,' by Leader Scott, has appeared in Scribner & Welford's series of Illustrated Handbooks of Art-History. It is by no means a complete work. The body of the book is devoted to Italian sculpture, and there is some interesting writing in these chapters. Those on English sculpture in England and Italy, on American sculpture in Italy and on contemporary Italian sculpture are simply defective catalogues of names. German sculpture is dismissed with a few words, and Russian sculpture—although it has produced one of the great men of the day, Antokolski—is not mentioned at all, The comparative classification of the different modern schools is unsatisfactory.

—The latest issue in the Scribner's series of Wonders of Art and Archæology is 'Wonders of Engraving,' by Georges Duplessis. A book like this, which is intended to rank as an artauthority, should have been more carefully edited and 'modernized.' It is either a bad translation, or a piece of unrevised English writing by a Frenchman. The old schools of engraving are fairly well treated, the most appreciative criticism being found in the chapters on old French engraving. But the Nineteenth Century work in this branch of art receives insufficient attention. There is no excuse for this neglect of so important a branch of the subject. The illustrations are fair.

—Frederick Keppel & Co. have reprinted from *The Century* for February, 1883, a paper on 'American Etchers,' by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, which attracted much attention at the time of its appearance in the magazine. Some additional matter on etching by the same writer, reprinted from the New York Star, and an appreciative study of Charles Méryon, the etcher, by Mr. Keppel himself, complete the brochure, which is got up in very good form. The original illustrations to *The Century* article are reproduced.

—The Art Amateur says that the Grolier Club of this city owns two charming water-color drawings by G. H. Boughton—'The Battery, Two Hundred Years Ago' and 'The Town Council' in the time of the old Knickerbockers. The latter is said to be almost identical in subject and treatment with a canvas of Boughton's exhibited at this year's Royal Academy under the title 'Peter the Headstrong.'

—The collector who sold his large paper copy of Ruskin's 'Examples of the Architecture of Venice' the other day for 50%. was only just in time, says The Pall Mall Gazette. A reissue of the work is announced as in preparation by George Allen, who, besides being Mr. Ruskin's publisher, has so successfully engraved the drawings in his later works. Comparatively few impressions of the examples of Venetian architecture were taken (only fifty large paper copies were issued), so that the original plates engraved by Messrs. Lupton, Reynolds, Armitage & Cuff

are still in good condition. Purchasers of the new edition may have the satisfaction of knowing that they have obtained for six guineas what was sold the other day for fifty pounds.

An Open Letter to Mr. Froude.

[The Morning Herald, Sydney, New South Wales.]

MY DEAR SIR: It is with conflicting feelings, and with regret, that after the kindly memories in your book, 'Oceana,' I

write to disclaim the personal career which you attribute to me.

Speaking of me, you say: 'I sat next to our host, and I have rarely met a more amusing companion. He had been in the French Army under Louis Philippe. He had been a detective officer, and knew for one thing the secret circumstances of the murder of the Duchesse de Praslin. He had fought in the streets in February, 1848. He had served after that revolution in Caussidiere's famous police, and had again been in the great battles of June in the same year.' battles of June in the same year.'

Alas! sitting by your side, warmed by your delightful way of telling of men and events, and by the listening ear you lent to my reminiscences, I chatted away with you of an epoch fertile in incidents. I told you how, being in 1848 an art student in Paris, I had witnessed—as a spectator—the revolution of February, and had been brought by circumstances into contact with men conspicuous in those days. I mentioned having joined afterwards a French cavalry regiment, and I narrated to you some interesting and unpublished facts relative to subsequent times. But I little anticipated that, from imperfect recollection of anecdotes told to you at my dinner-table, you would build up for me, and publish, a career which would belie my opinions and my sympathies, past and present, as well as those of my family and friends.

Ever since I read your statements I have been haunted by them. I have not been a detective officer, I have had nothing to do with the French police. I did not fight in the streets in February, 1848; I did not serve in Caussidière's horde; I was not in the great battles of June in the same year; I did not relate to you a single circumstance upon which you could reasonably establish the antecedents you have assigned to me.

As to the particular incident you allude to, namely, the mur-der of the Duchesse de Praslin, I simply reported to you rumors current formerly in the Faubourg St. Germain, not chronicles of the detective office.

Permit me now to complain of another assumption, which caused me equal grief. You say that my wife, a Sydney lady, moderately rich, would have been very rich if she had pleased her friends better in the choice of a husband. This, I imagine, even if there was any truth in it, would have been better left As it is without foundation, it is worse than an error unsaid. of taste.

After your other kind references to me and mine, and my pleasant remembrance of your visit, I have long hesitated as to what course I should follow. My own inclination would have been to ask you, by private letter only, for a rectification of the statements to which I have objected; but my friends have represented to me that, as these have been so extensively circulated in the colonies, and must have been read in England by visitors to Australia, many of whom have been, like yourself, my guests at St. Hubert's, it was my duty to myself and to my family that I should publicly contradict them.

In consequence I am sending copies of this letter to the press, and I trust that, considering the great distance which debars me from consulting with you as to the means of redress, you will admit the justice of the step I take; even more, that you will assist me in having it carried out.

With this sincere hope, I remain, my dear sir, yours truly,
HUBERT DE CASTELLA. ST. HUBERT'S, VICTORIA, May 8, 1886.

A Tory Fling at Mr. Beecher.

[The Saturday Review.]

THE Reverend Henry Ward Beecher has been good enough to visit our hospitable shores, and the Reverend Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, has, in sporting phrase, 'given him a mount.'
Mr. Beecher has also kindly written a letter on the General
Election, which is couched in highly scriptural phraseology, and
which is as lucid as Jack Bunsby's advice. It would be rude,
and perhaps a false antithesis, to say that Mr. Beecher was a
spectacle in the pulpit and an exhibition out of it. But he
seems to be an object of general admiration, which rises in some seems to be an object of general admiration, which rises in some cases to fervent enthusiasm. There are believed to be many

more great men in America than in all the rest of the world put together. In fact, the States positively swarm with them, as the Irishman's 'onhappy country' swarmed with absentee landlords. We do not know who is the very greatest man in America—probably Mr. Barnum. But neither Mr. Beecher nor Dr. Talmage would, in the beautiful language which our cousins have engrafted upon the ancient stock, 'take a back cousins have engrafted upon the ancient stock, 'take a back seat.' When Dr. Talmage was announced to preach in San Francisco on the 'Seven Plagues of New York,' a New York journal unkindly observed, 'Dr. Talmage forgets that since he left this city there are only six.' When Mr. Beecher occupied the pulpit of the renowned Dr. Parker on Sunday last, a large number of people had to take back seats, and a still larger number had to come away. It is said, somewhat illogically, by Mr. Beecher's admirers that he was the greatest preacher in the world until censorious tongues coupled his name with a married lady's. Mr. Labouchere would ask, and on this occasion, at all events, would ask unanswerably, what that had to do with it? If a man acquits himself in a distinguished manner upon the cushion—the cushion which, when inadvertently thumped, hid Sydney Smith from the eyes of his congregation—what have his listeners to do with his moral character? They may not care to listen to him any more, perhaps. But they cannot, if they are gifted with the smallest degree of the ratiocinative faculty, change on that account their opinion of him as an orator. However, nothing was ever proved against Mr. Beacher, and no ever, nothing was ever proved against Mr. Beecher, and no doubt the accusations were false. If he was the greatest preacher in the world before he was misunderstood by his enemies, he is so still, unless some new light has dawned upon the ecclesiastical horizon. Mr. Beecher, when he is at home, which he no doubt is in front of Dr. Parker's 'spacious pulpit,' has 'the orator's full lips,' whatever they may be. His lips do not appear to be the only full part of him, for he is 'portly,' as well as 'of commanding presence.' Whether Mr. Beecher's mind is as full as his lips may be gathered from the fragments of his speeches and writings which appear from time to time in

the ordinary channels of information.

That quality of Mr. Beecher's 'massive oratory' (we believe that to be the correct phrase) which the poverty of the English language compels us to call its humor, is marked and obvious, perhaps broad. Mr. Beecher improves upon St. Paul. 'Charity vaunteth not itself,' says the Apostle, though the Revisers and Mr. Beecher, with a fine disregard of rhythm and association, turn 'charity' into 'love.' 'It does not, every time it lays a golden egg, rise from the nest to cackle.' Hens are sometimes accused of making too much fuss over what is, after all, only a process of nature. But we are bound to say that a house a referred each a year semantable feat as that indicate the only a process of nature. But we are bound to say that a hen who performed such a very remarkable feat as that indicated by Mr. Beecher would have some right to cackle, and that the owner of the hen, and therefore presumably of the aurilerous deposit, would be very much obliged to her for doing so. Mr. Beecher's style is as elegant as it is witty. It is not puffed up, says St. Paul, again of charity. '0h, that there were some men that could be touched with a lancet,' exclaimed Mr. Beecher, 'how, the puffed-upness would come down!' A sudden and slight inflation of the cheek,' says an admiring auditor, who communicated his impressions to the Daily News, 'helped to exemplify the need of the operation.' The worst of the greatest preacher in the world suddenly inflating his cheek is, that some people would always suspect the inflation of being caused by the insertion of the preacher's tongue. When Mr. Beecher is funny, people would always suspect the inflation of being caused by the insertion of the preacher's tongue. When Mr. Beecher is funny, there can be no temptation to laugh, even in a sacred place. 'You have not, I believe, much experience in England of a certain hypocritical insect known to us in America as the mosquito. Well, the mosquito always says a prayer before he puts his bill in to suck your blood.' Is this natural history, or is it humor? In either case it shows how solid must be a pulpit reputation which can survive such shocks unbarraed. But Mr. reputation which can survive such shocks unharmed. But Mr. Beecher's activity has not been altogether confined to what irreverent people call 'the wood' when it is said that he is under other than spiritual guidance, being indeed, to put it vulgarly, 'farmed out.' Mr. Beecher has of course been asked by 'a gentleman' what he thought of Home Rule and of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Beecher, with striking modesty, declines to 'take any part in the canvass,' which, it may be observed, he was not asked to do. Concerning the Irish Catholics, he enigmatically remarks that 'they will be no more dangerous to liberty in a state of freedom than if deprived of legitimate political power; nay, less so.' This is one of those sentiments which have, in Macaulay's forcible phrase, the same effect upon a practical politician as a dose of ipecacuanha. As for Mr. Gladstone, he is 'overthrowing the kingdom of Satan,' and is invited to take comfort in the reflection that the Founder of Christianity 'was charged with consorting with licentious associates.' Decidedly Mr. Beecher had better stick to the pulpit, where he could per-haps 'give points' to Archdeacon Farrar.

Edmund Burke.

[Augustine Birrell, in The Contemporary Review.]

MR. JOHN MORLEY, who amongst other things has written two admirable books about Edmund Burke, is to be found in the Preface to the second of them apologizing for having intro-duced into the body of the work extracts from his former volume —conduct which he seeks to justify by quoting from the Greek (always a desirable thing to do when in a difficulty), to prove that though you may say what you have to say well once, you cannot so say it twice.

A difficulty somewhat of the same kind cannot fail to be felt by every one who takes upon himself to write on Burke; for however innocent a man's own past life may be of any public references to the subject, the very many good things other men have said about it must seriously interfere with true liberty of treatment.

Hardly any man, and certainly no politician, has been so bepraised as Burke, whose very name, suggesting, as it does, splendor of diction, has tempted those who would praise him to do so in a highly decorated style, and it would have been easy work to have brought together a sufficient number of animated passages from the works of well-known writers all dedicated to the greater glory of Edmund Burke, and then to have tagged on half-a-dozen specimens of his own resplendent rhetoric, and so to have come to an apparently natural and long-desired conclu-

sion without exciting any more than usual grumble.

This course, however, not recommending itself, some other method had to be discovered. Happily, it is out of the question within present limits to give any proper summary of Burke's public life. This great man was not, like some modern politicians, a specialist, confining his activities within the prospectus of an association; nor was he, like some others, a thing of shreds and patches, busily employed to-day picking up the facts with which he will overwhelm his opponents on the morrow; but was one ever ready to engage with all comers on all subjects from out the stores of his accumulated knowledge. Even were we to confine ourselves to those questions only which engaged Burke's most powerful attention, enlisted his most active sympathy, elicited his most bewitching rhetoric, we should still find ourselves called upon to grapple with problems as vast and varied as Economic Reform, the Status of our Colonies, our budding Empire in India, our relations with Ireland both in respect to her trade and her prevalent religion; and then, blurring the picture, as some may think—certainly rendering it Titanesque and gloomy—we have the spectacle of Burke in his old age, like another Laocoon, writhing and wrestling with the French Revolution; and it may serve to give us some dim notion of how great a man Burke was, of how affluent a mind, of how potent an imagination, of how reistless an energy, that even when his sole unassisted name is pitted against the outcome of centuries, and we say Burke and the French Revolution, we are not overwhelmed by any sense of obvious absurdity or incongruity.

What I propose to do is merely to consider a little Burke's life prior to his obtaining a seat in Parliament, and then to refer to any circumstances which may help us to account for the fact, that this truly extraordinary man, whose intellectual resources beggar the imagination, and who devoted himself to politics with all the forces of his nature, never so much as attained to a seat in the Cabinet-a teat one has known to be accomplished by persons of no proved intellectual agility. Having done this, I shall then, bearing in mind the aphorism of Lord Beaconsfield, that it is always better to be impudent than servile, essay an analysis of the essential elements of Burke's character.

The first great fact to remember is, that the Edmund Burke we are all agreed in regarding as one of the proudest memories of the House of Commons, was an Irishman. When we are in our next fit of political depression about that island, and are about piously to wish, as the poet Spenser tells us men were wishing even in his time, that it were not adjacent, let us do a little national stock-taking, and calculate profits as well as losses. Burke was not only an Irishman, but a typical one—of the very kind many Englishmen, and even possibly some Scotchmen, make a point of disliking. I do not say he was an aboriginal Irishman, but his ancestors are said to have settled in the county of Galway, under Strongbow, in King Henry the Second's time, when Ireland was first conquered and our troubles began. This, at all events, is a better Irish pedigree than Mr. Parnell's.

Skipping six centuries, we find Burke's father an attorney in Dublin—which somehow sounds a very Irish thing to be-in 1725 married a Miss Nagle, and had fifteen children. marriage of Burke's parents was of the kind called mixed-a term which doubtless admits of wide application, but when employed technically, signifies that the religious faith of the spouses was different; one, the father, being a Protestant, and the lady, an adherent to what used to be pleasantly called the 'old religion.' The severer spirit now dominating Catholic councils has condemned these marriages, on the score of their had theele has condemned these marriages, on the score of their bad theology and their lax morality; but the practical politician, who is not usually much of a theologian—though Lord Melbourne and Mr. Gladstone are distinguished exceptions—and whose moral conscience is apt to be robust (and here I believe there are no exceptions), cannot but regret that so good an opportunity of lubricating religious differences with the sweet oil of the domestic affections should be lost to us in these days of bitterness and dissension. Burke was brought up in the Protestant faith of his father, and was never in any real danger of deviating from it; but I cannot doubt that his regard for his Catholic fel-low-subjects, his fierce repudiation of the infamies of the Penal Code—whose horrors he did something to mitigate—his respect for antiquity, and his historic sense, were all quickened by the fact that a tenderly loved and loving mother belonged through life and in death to an ancient and outraged faith.

The great majority of Burke's brothers and sisters, like those of Laurence Sterne, were 'not made to live,' and out of the fifteen, but three, besides himself, attained maturity. These were his eldest brother, Garrett, on whose death Edmund succeeded to the patrimonial Irish estate, which he promptly sold; his younger brother, Richard, a highly speculative gentleman, who always lost; and his sister, Juliana, who married a Mr. French, and was, as became her mother's daughter, a rigid Roman Catholic—who, so we read, was accustomed every Christmas Day to invite to the hall the maimed, the aged, and distanted of the rigid to the lattice of the second s distressed of her vicinity, to a plentiful repast, during which she waited upon them as a servant. A sister like this never did any

man any serious harm.

man any serious harm.

Edmund Burke was born in 1729, in Dublin, and was taught his rudiments in the country—first, by a Mr. O'Halloran, and afterwards by a Mr. FitzGerald, village pedagogues both, who at all events succeeded in giving their charge a brogue which death alone could silence. Burke passed from their hands to an academy at Ballitore, kept by a Quaker, from whence he proceeded to Trinity College, Dublin. He was thus not only Irish born, but Irish bred. His intellectual habit of mind exhibited itself early. He belonged to the happy family of omnivorous readers, and in the language of his latest schoolmaster he went to college with a larger miscellaneous stock of reading than was usual with one of his years; which, being interpreted out of usual with one of his years; which, being interpreted out of pedagogic into plain English, means that 'our good Edmund' was an enormous devourer of poetry and novels, and so he remained to the end of his days. That he always preferred Fielding to Richardson is satisfactory, since it pairs him off nicely with Dr. Johnson, whose preference was the other way, and so helps to keep an interesting question wide open. His passion with Dr. Johnson, whose preterence was the other way, and so helps to keep an interesting question wide open. His passion for the poetry of Virgil is significant. His early devotion to Edward Young, the grandiose author of the 'Night Thoughts,' is not to be wondered at, though the inspiration of the youthful Burke, either as poet or critic, may be questioned, when we find him rapturously scribbling in the margin of his copy:

Jove claimed the verse old Homer sung, But God himself inspired Dr. Young.

But a boy's enthusiasm for a favorite poet is a thing to rejoice over. The years that bring the philosophic mind will not bring —they must find—enthusiasm,

they must find—enthusiasm,

In 1750 Burke (being then twenty-one) came for the first time to London, to do what so many of his lively young countrymen are still doing—though they are beginning to make a grievance even of that—eat his dinners at the Middle Temple, and so qualify himself for the Bar. Certainly that student was in luck who found himself in the same mess with Burke; and yet so stupid are men—so prone to rest with their full weight on the immaterial and slide over the essential—that had that good fortune been ours we should probably have been more taken up with Burke's brogue than with his brains. Burke came to London with a cultivated curiosity, and in no spirit of desperate determination to make his fortune. That the study of the law interested him cannot be doubted, for everything interested him, particularly the stage. Like the sensible Irishman he was, he lost his heart to Peg Woffington on the first opportunity. He was fond of roaming about the country during, it is to be hoped,

vacation-time only, and is to be found writing the most cheerful letters to his friends in Ireland, all of whom are persuaded that he is going some day to be somebody, though sorely puzzled to surmise what thing or when, so pleasantly does he take life, from all sorts of out-of-the-way country places, where he lodges with quaint old landladies who wonder maternally why he never gets drunk, and generally mistake him for an author until he pays his bill. When in town he frequented debating societies in Fleet Street and Covent Garden, and made his first speeches; for which purpose he would, unlike some debaters, devote studious hours to getting up the subjects to be discussed. There is good reason to believe that it was in this manner his attention was first directed to India. He was at all times a great talker, and, Dr. Johnson's dictum notwithstanding, a good listener. He was endlessly interested in everything—in the state of the crops, in the last play, in the details of all trades, the rhythm of all poems, the plots of all novels, and indeed in the course of every manufacture. And so for six years he went up and down, to and fro, gathering information, imparting knowledge, and preparing himself, though he knew not for what.

The attorney in Dublin grew anxious, and searched for precedents of a son behaving like his, and rising to eminence. Had his son got the legal mind?—which, according to a keen observer, chiefly displays itself by illustrating the obvious, explaining the evident, and expatiating on the commonplace. Edmund's powers of illustration, explanation, and expatiation could not indeed be questioned; but then the subjects selected for the exhibition of those powers were very tar indeed from being obvious, evident, or commonplace; and the attorney's heart grew heavy within him. The paternal displeasure was signified in the usual manner—the supplies were cut off. Edmund Burke, however, was no ordinary prodigal, and his reply to his father; expostulations took the unexpected and unprecedented shape of a copy of a second and enlarged edition of his treatise on the 'Sublime and Beautiful,' which he had published in 1756 at the price of three shillings. Burke's father promptly sent the author a bank-bill for £100: conduct on his part which, considering he had sent his son to London and maintained him there for six years to study law, was in my judgment both sublime and beautiful. In the same year Burke published another pamphlet—a one-and-sixpenny affair—written, ironically, in the style of Lord Bolingbroke, and called 'A Vindication of Natural Society; or, a View of the Miseries and Evils arising to Man-kind from every species of Civil Society.' Irony is a dangerous weapon for a public man to have ever employed, and in afterlife Burke had frequently to explain that he was not serious. On these two pamphlets airy pinions Burke floated into the harbor of literary fame. No less a man than the great David Hume referred to him, in a letter to the hardly less great Adam Smith, as an Irish gentleman who had written a 'very pretty treatise on the Sublime.' After these efforts, Burke, as became an established wit, went to Bath to recruit, and there, fitly enough, fell in love. The lady was Miss Jane Mary Nugent, the enough, fell in love. The lady was Miss Jane Mary Nugent, the daughter of a celebrated Bath physician; and it is pleasant to be able to say of the marriage that was shortly solemnized between the young couple, that it was a happy one, and then to go on our way, leaving them—where man and wite ought to be left—alone. Oddly enough, Burke's wife was also the offspring of a 'mixed marriage'—only, in her case it was the tather who was the Catholic; consequently both Mr. and Mrs. Edmund was the Catholic; consequently both Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Burke were of the same way of thinking, but each had a parent of the other way. Although getting married is no part of the curriculum of a law student, Burke's father seems to have come to the conclusion, that after all it was a greater distinction for an attorney in Dublin to have a son living amongst the wits in London, and discoursing familiarly on the 'Sublime and Beautithan prosecuting some poor countryman, with a brogue as rich as his own, for stealing a pair of breeches; for we find him generously allowing the young couple £200 a year, which no doubt went some way towards maintaining them. Burke, who was now in his twenty-eighth year, seems to have given up all notion of the law. In 1758 he wrote for Dodsley the first volume of the 'Annual Register,' a melancholy series which continues of this day. For doing this he got £100. Burke was by this time a well-known figure in London literary society, and was busy making for himself a huge private reputation. The Christmas Day of 1758 witnessed a singular scene at the dinner table of David Garrick. Dr. Johnson, then in the full vigor of his mind, and with all the all-dreaded weapons of his dialectics, kept burnished by daily use, was flatly contradicted by a fellow-guest some twenty years his junior, and, what is more, submitted to it without a murmur. One of the diners, Arthur Murphy, was so struck by this occurrence, unique in his long experience rich as his own, for stealing a pair of breeches; for we find him

of the Doctor, that on returning home he recorded the fact in his journal, but ventured no explanation of it. It can only be accounted for—so at least I venture to think—by the combined effect of four wholly independent circumstances: First, the day was Christmas Day, a day of peace and goodwill, and our beloved Doctor was amongst the sincerest, though most argumentative, of Christians, and a great observer of days. Second, the house was David Garrick's, and consequently we may be certain that the dinner had been a superlatively good one; and has not Boswell placed on record Johnson's opinion of the man who professed to be indifferent about his dinner? Third, the subject under discussion was India, about which Johnson knew he knew next to nothing. And fourth, the offender was Edmund Burke, whom Johnson loved from the first day he set eyes upon him to their last sad parting by the waters of death.

[To be continued.]

Current Criticism

MR. HUGHES'S DICTIONARY OF ISLAM.—No more convincing or more valuable proof of the ground which Oriental studies is gaining in this country has been afforded in this generation than the appearance of the Rev. Mr. Hughes's 'Dictionary of Islam.' It would be no exaggeration of language to describe this monumental record of a lifetime of scholarship and research as a really magnificent contribution to our knowledge of the belief, thoughts, and manners of the East. Englishmen sometimes seem to ignore the fact, which Lord Beaconsfield never allowed himself to forget, that England is an Asiatic as well as a European empire, and that the sovereign of this country rules over the Mussulman as well as the Christian, over the 'True Believer' as well as the Frank. To us, therefore, far more than to any other European Power, the importance of a familiarity with the creeds and customs of the East ought ever to be present. France is the only other Continental State which can boast of Mussulman dependencies, and the influence and interest of France in the East is far inferior to our own. Yet how much more France has done to advance Oriental knowledge and to familiarize her countrymen with Oriental languages and literatures! Germany, with practically no personal interest in Eastern lands and peoples, has long stood distinctly at the head of Oriental scholarship. For some years back, however, England has been making quick strides along this peculiar path of knowledge. The devotion to Orientalism which Goethe anticipated, and which Emerson predicted, has already manifested itself, and English scholars are rapidly asserting the right of England to a foremost place in Oriental scholarship as well as in Oriental influence. Mr. Hughes's 'Dictionary of Islam' is one of the finest fruits of this awakening scholarship.—J. H. McCarthy, in The Whitehall Review.

Patmore's Restricted Range.—Mr. Patmore's work has been before the public for thirty years, and again and again it has passed through the ordeal of criticism. There is little new, therefore, to be said about it; but this, after so long an experience, may be said with confidence, that the reputation of the poet, so far from diminishing, has strengthened with the years. It would be rash to prophesy as to the place posterity will assign to him among the singers of our century. Yet we may venture to observe that if that place is not among the highest, the cause will be due, not so much to deficiency of genius, as to choice of subject. The land which Mr. Patmore has selected for his territory is rich in beauty and one in which all poets have loved to wander, but its range is restricted, and the air is not sufficiently bracing for a permanent residence. The poet who makes love his sole theme is in danger, especially when unmoved by strong passion, of conveying a one-sided or a false view of life. There is much in Mr. Patmore's verse which the man of mature age rejects—not because it is not true, but because for him it has necessarily lost its charm. On the other hand, young men and maidens will delight in its revelations, and more than tolerate its weaknesses. We may add that there is no reader who honors what is lovely and of good report who will not rejoice to possess this attractive edition of a poet whose Muse has 'uttered nothing base.'—The Spectator.

'THIS WAY MADNESS LIES,'—Supposing the sad case of the Massachusetts lady who has been made insane by Theosophy to be correctly reported, it simply proves what I have repeatedly stated—the great danger that attends the study of the subject without the proper restrictions and the most vigilant supervision. I have been both ridiculed and reviled for stating that insanity

may result from the practice of this kind of psychic science. An attack of acute mania, such as this lady is said to have had, is unfortunately a too frequent result of Theosophy indiscreetly pursued. Various forms of mental derangement, hallucinations of all sorts, delirium, idiocy, suicide, murder and every violation of the social order threaten the weak, the unwary, or the misguided votary of Theosophy—this 'mushy mystery,' this 'mumbo jumbo religion,' as some call it—this most terrible and most dangerous form of spiritual potency, as I know it to be. That is one reason why the competent Theosophist, who has passed through his probation and escaped the dangers, is the first to declare that Theosophy is not for the public, and to conceal it as far as possible from the public. Last November I gave you as a sufficient reason for my reticence to your reporter that if all persons knew what I do about it, it would threaten the very fabric of society. That is why I constantly raise a warning against rash tempting of fate in seeking to know the secrets of Theosophy before the soul is prepared to receive them. 'This way madness lies,' and I am obliged constantly to warn persons that if they touch this subject they do it at the peril of their lite or reason, perhaps of their eternal welfare. Nine out of ten persons who rashly tempt fate in this way fail or perish in the attempt. When will the public credit us with knowing what we are talking about, when we make such declarations as these? When will the public trust to what we say, without our reasons therefor—for our real reasons we never give?—Prof. Elliott Coues, in the Washington Star.

A New Macaulay.—In calling Mr. Churton Collins' a new Macaulay' we intend both praise and censure. The essays now before us [on Bolingbröke and Voltaire] are at once vigorous and irritating. The latter adjective does not apply to the concluding paper on 'Voltaire in England,' which, while extremely interesting in matter, is simple and 'straightforward in style. The three papers on Bolingbroke are no less interesting, and give evidence of original research which more than justifies the author in rescuing them from nameless fossilization in the files of The Quarterly Review. It is certain that no future historian of the first half of the Eighteenth Century can afford to overlook this brilliant political picture, any more than the future biographer of Voltaire can fail to benefit by Mr. Collins's painstaking investigations. Experts alone can test the accuracy of his facts and conclusions, and to experts we leave the task. This is clearly a mere preliminary canter, so to speak, on Mr. Collins's part. He is a writer from whom we may confidently expect much solider and more ambitious work in political and literary history, and for that very reason his style, rather than his matter, is at present of prime importance. Macaulay's exaggerated fondness for cheap antithesis, his habit of painting character in violent chiaroscuro, his love of sounding circumlocution and of majestic ready-made phrases, even his occasional slipshod stumbles into absolute solecism—all these characteristics we find reproduced in Mr. Collins's essays on Bolingbroke. There are pages in which the seesaw of excessive statement and excessive counter-statement produces in the reader a positive vertigo. The dark and light of the portraiture are so recklessly dabbed on that they become, not complementary, but contradictory and self-destructive.—The Pall Mall Gazette.

Notes

THE newspapers are circulating a report that *The Century* is about to follow up its War series with a series of illustrated articles on the workings of the Russian penal system in Siberia. It is said that these articles will be written by a Washington journalist named George Cannon, who gathered his facts while on a Government mission to Siberia, in connection with the distribution of rewards to the natives who rendered assistance to the survivors of the Jeannette. There are some mistakes here. Mr. George Kennan, a well-known Arctic 'expert,' author of 'Tent-Life in Siberia,' and for some years connected with the Washington bureau of the Associated Press, must be the gentleman referred to. But Mr. Kennan was not entrusted with a Government mission to Siberia. He applied for, we believe, but lailed to obtain, the position of interpreter to the expedition of reward conducted by Lieut. Wm. H. Schuetze, U. S. N., and made his perilous journey to the Siberian mines without any official backing whatever.

—William Morris, author of 'The Earthly Paradise' and one of the recognized leaders of the Social Democratic Federation, was fined one shilling last Saturday for alleged obstruction of street traffic, caused by a Socialist open-air meeting held in

Bell Street, on the Edgeware Road, London. Two well-known speakers of the Federation were arrested and committed fortrial at the Middlesex Sessions.

—Henry Norman, the London correspondent of *The Evening Post*, is now one of the editors of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, to which he recently contributed interesting articles on 'Niagara' and on 'Carlyle and Froude.'

-J. W. Alexander is at Bournemouth, making a picture of Robert Louis Stevenson for *The Century*.

—W. J. Hennessy, who had two poetic landscapes at the Grosvenor Gallery this year, is about to move from Calvados to Saint-Germain, where he has taken a house once occupied by Madame de Montespan.

—Brander Matthews's interesting foreign letters to the Commercial Advertiser have appeared also in the other papers of the McClure syndicate, including the Boston Globe, Philadelphia Times, Chicago Tribune, Louisville Courier-Journal, etc. The series of letters numbers thirteen, and the information it contains will probably be used again by the writer in some other form.

— 'Jo's Boys, and How They Turned Out,' by Miss Alcott, is in the press of Roberts Brothers for publication early in October. It is a sequel to 'Little Men.' The first edition will comprise 20,000 copies.

—'The Winnipeg Country: or, Roughing it with an Eclipse Party—By A. Rochester Fellow,' a Harvard professor, will shortly be issued by Cupples, Upham & Co. It will be profusely illustrated. The same publishers, by arrangement with *The Pall Mall Gazētte*, have published a third edition of the controversy about 'The Best Hundred Books.'

—C. W. H. writes from Oxford, Miss.:—'In THE CRITIC of the 17th appeared a paper from The Pall Mall Gazette, giving "The Best Hundred Books for Boys." Any list seems to me incomplete that leaves out Frank R. Goulding's "Young Marooners," "Marooners' Island" and "Woodruff Stories;" Miss Yonge's "Dove in the Eagle's Nest;" Howitt's "Jack o' th' Mill;" Miss Sinclair's "Holiday House;" Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiets;" or Fouqué's "Undine" and "Sintram." The Pall Mall list is an excellent one, however, and is am glad to see so large a part of it fiction."

—Of the new cheap edition of 'Vanity Fair' recently published in England, 60,000 copies were taken by the trade at once.

—Hawthorne's 'Twice Told Tales' will be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in a Pocket Series soon to be started by them, and to comprise in all ten volumes. Miss Jewett's 'Deephaven' will be included in the series.

—J. B. Lippincott Co. have in press a 'Manual of North American Birds,' by Prof. Robert Ridgway, Curator of the Department of Birds at the Smithsonian. The author has had unrivalled advantages for the preparation of a treatise of this character, arising from his own field experience, as well as his connection with the National Museum, etc. The work is to contain some 425 illustrations.

—Two articles by Rev. J. Owen Dorsey, reprinted in pamphlet form, give much curious information which will be welcome to students of Indian lore. The one, on 'Indian Personal Names,' was read before the American Scientific Association at their Ann Arbor meeting, last year. The other, on 'Siouan Migrations'—a valuable contribution to aboriginal history,—appeared in The American Naturalist for March last.

—Mr. Gladstone, replying to inquiries as to the best books on the historical side of the Irish question, is reported to have recommended Goldwin Smith's article on Pitt in his 'English Statesmen,' Lecky's Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland' and 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century,' many portions of Froude's 'English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century,' 'Lord Cloncurry's Personal Recollections of his Lifetime, with Extracts from his Correspondence,' and above all, Burke; especially his writings on America as applied to Ireland. As regards the recent history of the land question, Mr. Gladstone recommended Barry O'Brien's articles in The Nineteenth Century.

—John B. Tabb writes from St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md., as follows:—'In these days of birthday books, some one, I think, should compile for us a "Horoscope (or Birthday Book) of Literature." It would delight us to know, for instance, the time of some favorite poem's birth—the propitious hour of its earliest conception, its periods of growth and perfect development, and under what special influences it fell. We note these

points with peculiar interest in the life of an author, and to me of his works. For my own part, I should be glad to celebrate a great poem's birthday. And, indeed, what were poet's birthdays to us, had not their song-children come into the world,—through whom, and in whom, we honor the parents? Of course, in many instances such information is wholly impossible to obtain that what were because the sound in the sound is the sound in the sound in the sound in the sound is the sound in the sound is the sound in the sound in the sound in the sound is the sound in the sound in the sound in the sound is the sound in the sound in the sound in the sound is the sound in the sound in the sound in the sound in the sound is the sound in to obtain; but what can be found, it appears to me, would be well worth collecting.

—Mr. Alfred Austin is finishing a long dramatic poem called 'Prince Lucifer.' The story, which is a romantic one, the action of which takes place in the neighborhood of the Matterhorn, is intended to reflect, in a fanciful garb, the religious conflict and ethical uncertainties of the age.

—Cassell & Co. warn the public against a swindler who pre-tends to act as their agent. He agrees to furnish one of their periodicals, and offers four pictures as a premium, for \$1, and also offers cheap frames, but does not carry out these contracts. He gives a printed receipt signed 'Cassell & Co.' He is from forty to forty-five years old, tall and thin but of large frame, and has sandy hair and a heavy sandy moustache.

—Steps have been taken at Cambridge, England, to raise a memorial to the late Henry Bradshaw, a man whose extensive and curious learning was widely commented on at the time of his death, a few months ago. The sum of \$2,000 has been raised, and Hamo Thornycroft will design a memorial bust. The memorial will take the further form of additions to the college library from Mr. Bradshaw's own collection of books.

-Ouida has written a new romance entitled "The Story of a House Party.

—The first three chapters of Clark Russell's new novel, 'The Golden Hope,' which Messrs. Tillotson are about to issue to the British provincial press, are said to be full of promise, and to have all the charm of the author's previous sea-stories.

—In his address 'at Oxford, Mr. Irving recently spoke of the last days of Edmund Kean, who died without a ten-pound note. A few days after he received a letter from Robert Browning, enclosing the slightly faded green silk purse found in the pocket of the great actor after his death, 'without a sixpence therein.' It was given by Charles Kean to John Forster, and by him to the poet. 'How can I more worthily place it,' writes Mr. Browning, 'than in your hands, if they will do me the honor to take it, along with all respect and regard?'

—On July 21, in the United States Circuit Court of Philadel-phia, counsel for Chas. L. Webster & Co. made application before Judge Butler to restrain John Wanamaker from selling copies of Grant's Memoirs, on the plea that the book was published by subscription only, and that he had bought copies from agents who were not authorized to sell to any one in the book trade. Judge Hammond lately decided at Columbus, Ohio, in a similar case, involving Blaine's 'Twenty Years in Congress,' that no one in the trade, buying from an agent who has no authority to sell the book except by subscription, has the right to resell it. Judge Butler stated that if the facts in the case of Blaine's 'Twenty Years in Congress' were the same as in the case before him, he would follow that decision. He appointed the 3d of August to hear the argument.

—It is said that bookworms may be exterminated rapidly and effectually by sprinkling the shelves of the cases twice a year with a mixture in equal parts of powdered camphor and snuff.

Major Pond has told a representative of The Commercial Advertiser of some of his arrangements with lecturers for next season. His list of announcements includes the names of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of The Christian Union; the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; S. G. W. Benjamin, ex-Minister to Persia; H. C. Bunner, editor of Puck; George W. Cable; Will Carleton; Moncure D. Conway; Julian Hawthorne; Ernest Ingersoll; the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage; C. E. Bolton; the Rev. Russell H. Conway, of Philadelphia; Captain Jack Crawford, the poet-scout; Daniel Dougherty, of Philadelphia; Joe Howard; the Rev. R. H. Haweis, of London; the Rev. John R. Paxton; the Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, of Brooklyn; and Miss Kate Field. Bill Nye and Jas. Whitcomb Riley will form a combination, we hear, and give readings from their own works. It is possible that T. V. Powderly will lecture on the labor question. In addition to the series of lectures given in this city last fall, Mr. Conway has prepared one entitled 'Adam's Third Wife.' It begins with 'sex mythology' and ends with a discussion of the American woman of to-day—and of to-morrow. Advertiser of some of his arrangements with lecturers for next

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.

OUESTIONS.

No. 1169.—Can any of your readers inform me if Ralph Emerson, who was a Professor at Andover Seminary in 1841, was related to Ralph Waldo NEW YORK. J. B. T. H.

[Prof. Ralph Emerson of Andover was in some way related to Ralph Waldo Emerson. The relationship was such that the Professor's grandchildren were notified of Mr. Emerson's funeral, and attended it as members of the Emerson family. This information we have obtained from the widow of a nephew of Prof. Emerson. It is her opinion that Prof. Emerson was a second cousin to the philosopher.]

No. 1170.—Will you kindly inform me where the following books can be purchased and at what price? 1. 'Leaves from the Life of a Special Correspondent.' It tells the story of the last days of the French Empire, down to the Commune. 2. Also 'An Iron-Bound City.' The latter relates the author's experience during the siege of Paris and reign of the Communists, and is by John Augustus O'Shea.

Detroit, Mich. G. H. S.

No. 1171.—Will The Carric explain to the understanding of a layman—one outside of literature—the true signification of the word exceptional, and that of its compound unexceptional? ST. DENIS, MD.

[Exceptional is an adjective used to describe such objects or circumstances as do not conform to the general or particular rule that governs similar objects or circumstances. There is no such word as unexceptional. The somewhat similar word unexceptionable is applied to any act or decision to which exception cannot be taken.]

No. 1172.—Can you inform me who is Daniel Buxton, who signs his name to 'Mars and Mammon' in the July Outing? Is it a nom-de-plume, and has the author written anything else?

SHORMAKERTOWN, PA. Will you kindly tell me whether Daniel Buxton is an assumed name, or the real name of the author of 'Mars and Mammon,' published in Outing for July? It is an extraordinary story, and appears to have been overlooked in the press notices.

SHORT HILLS, N. J.

No. 1173.—1. Is Hamilton Aidé an English poet? When and where was he born?—2. What is the full name of D. W. Brownell, an early contributor to Scribner's Monthly.—3. I should be very grateful for accurate biographical data concerning Mrs. Annie Douglas (Green) Robinson, better known as 'Marian Douglas.'—4. Is John Todhunter, the English poet, a son of Isaac Todhunter, the noted mathematician?—5. Who is C. L. Cleaveland, author of a poem called 'November' which was published in The Atlantic Monthly a few years ago?

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

O. F. A.

[1. Mr. Aïdé is a Londoner and a familiar figure in London literary society. He is a novelist and song-writer, and an amateur of the violin. His father was a Greek diplomatist, and his mother, if we mistake not, an English woman. Mr. Aïdé was born in Paris in 1830, and educated at Bonn. He was once an officer in the British Army.]

No. 1174.—Who is Annie Besant? and if she is, as I think, an English writer, what are her subjects and the names of her books?

Los Angeles, Cal.

M. D. L.

Publications Received.

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.]

HER complexion is like her name. Why? She uses Pozzoni's Complexion Powder, and is a lily. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.